

# Certayne

Chapters take out of the  
Prouerbes of Salomon,  
wythe other Chapters of  
the holye Scrypture, and  
certayne Psalmes of  
Dauid, translated  
into Englysshe  
Metre,  
By John Hall.

Cum Priuilegio ad Impri-  
mendum Solum.



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# To the ryght

good & worshypful Mayster John  
Bricket of Eltam, esquyre, John  
Hall hys delye or atour, wylsheth  
prosperyte, health & quyetnes,  
both of bodye and  
spyyte.

A M C M.

**L**O the intent right wor-  
shypful Syr, þ I wolde  
eschew and with drawe  
my selfe fro ydlenes, the  
whych of a truth is the  
begynnyng, spryng and increase of  
ayl & nyschefe, to the intent I say,  
to eschew the incommodties that  
ther of myght ensewe, I haue occu-  
pyed soche tymes as myghte haue  
bene bestowed in ydlenesse or ba-  
wytes, in makyng of Prouerbes  
and Psalmes, and other Chapters  
of the holy Scripture in metre, as  
is contayned in this lytle boke, the

A.ii. whych

The Epistle

which I haue ben so bold to dedi-  
cate to your Maystership, trusſing  
i god, it iſ not only of me diligētly  
accōpliſhed, but also of your May-  
sterhip, thākefullly receaued, y whi-  
ch, if I may perceiue, it ſhal further  
encorage me to proceſe in thiſ exer-  
cye, not for any ſcarcite of me that  
cā do it, but rather to geue thē occa-  
ſiō to occupie thē ſelues therin that  
can do it moch better, truſtyng e to  
God, that ſoche good men wyll not  
be with me offēded for thiſ my bol-  
de enterpyſe, but rather accept my  
good wyl, and honest hart, doynge  
the best I cā, according to my little  
wytte and ſmal capacytie. And for  
as moch, as it hath pleased the lord  
by diuerſe and ſundry waies, to de-  
ſtribute and beſtowe hiſ graciouſ  
giſtes, as it pleaſeth him of hiſ de-  
uyne goodnes, that iſ to ſay, not al  
in one body, neither yet all in euery  
mā or woinā but al ſoche as he doth  
choſe

dedicatorie.

those & appoint, to be his elect instru-  
mētes, vnto thē geueth he his gyf-  
tes as it pleaseth his most large be-  
nignite, for as it is alwaies sene, he  
geueth to one that he geueth not to  
an other, and to some more then to  
some, yea, & to some one more then to  
many thousandes, & thus we may se  
that he geueth his giftes not to al  
soch by one measure, but as moch &  
as little as it pleaseth him, & not ac-  
cording to our worthines, for yf we  
haue no more then we deserue, we  
shuld haue nothyng at al, therfore  
the lord will eth them, to whom he  
geueth gyftes, to putte them in vse  
to the profit of thē that haue neade  
therof, & in no wise to play the euil  
seruautes, hyding the talētes in the  
ground, for Saynte Paul sayeth:  
i.Cori.xii.that the spirit is geue to  
every man to edyfyng with all accor-  
ding to hys calling, for to one is ge-  
uen the utteraunce of wylldome, to

Al.iij. another

The Epistle

another is geuen the utteraunce of  
knowledge, and vnto another is  
geuen faith so that al these thinges  
are the gyftes of the sp[irit]e of god  
& not the woxkes of me, & therfore  
who so ever despiseth the same, des-  
piseth the gyftes of þ lord, the whi-  
che I trust ha good men of honest re-  
putacion wil do, & as for them that  
be other wyse, I accōpt theyr wor-  
des as no sclaundre, for thys I am  
sure ther is no man liuig that can plea-  
se every man, for he that shuld go a-  
bont any maner of woxkes & of eue-  
ry body asketh couſel, it might wel  
be sayde that he hath begon, but it  
shulde never be sayde that he hathe  
made an ende, or that he hath fynd-  
ed it, but nevertheleſ because that  
I wold not trust to myne own wyt  
when I had duely & diligently as  
I cold wayd it with my self I pre-  
fatre thy s myne enterprize to the  
couſel of good wise and wel lerned  
men

Dedycac[i]o[n]e.

men, by whose good cou[se]l I haue  
bene the bolder to let it go opely a  
broad, for good wyse sober & lerned  
men wyl not despise condempne nor  
blame that thig that a wise sober &  
learned man hath aproued & allowed,  
yf any other for lacke peraduen-  
ture of learninge or knowle dge do  
in proue any part of thy s boke, yet  
the auctorite of your M[ay]sterhyp  
vnto who I haue dedicate it, may  
cause hym to refrayne yf he haue a-  
ny discretion, furthermore, because  
I thoughte you had more delyte &  
plesure to reade or to heare, or syng  
the word of god in metre then any  
other rimes of vanitie & songes of  
baudrye the whiche of longe her[e] to  
fore hath ben vsed rather then any  
other thyng profyt able for the bo-  
dy or soule, by the reason thereof it  
dyd the further prouoke me to dedi-  
cate it vnts you, trustyng that you  
wyll take it wel in worth, and not  
wyth

The royale dedycatmy.  
Wþþout ic shuld redound to you  
worshyp so to do, thus face you  
well, the lyuynge god the  
geuer of al good giftes,  
kepe you alwayes  
in health and  
prospery-  
tyme.

A M E R.

Finis.

Your good maystershyps most  
humble seruaunt at al tymes  
to commaunde John Hall,

Certeayne lessons.

D<sup>O</sup> all your dedes wþþ good  
aduysse  
Cast in your myndes alwayes the  
ende

þwt bought is of to dere a pice  
the tryed trust take as your frend  
for frēdes I fynd ther be but two  
of countenaunce and of effect:  
Of the one sorte there are inough,  
but fewe bene of the other sect.  
Also beware the venime swete,  
of syled wordes and flattery  
for to deceyue they be mooste mete,  
that best can playe hypocrisye.  
Let wysdome rule youre dede and  
thought  
So shal youre worckes be wypself  
wrought.

W<sup>H</sup>o lyſt to leade a quiet lyfe,  
Who lyſt to ryd hym ſelf from  
ſtryfe  
Geue eare to me, mark what I ſay  
Remeinbre wel, beare it away.  
Hold

Cerfayne lessons

Holde backe thy tongue, at incate  
and mele

Speake but fewe wordes, bestowe  
them well

By wordes the wyse man thou shalt  
espye

by wordes a sole yhalte sone trye  
A wyse man can hys tongue make  
cease

A sole can never holde hys peace  
Who loueth rest of wordes beware  
Who loueth wordes is sure of  
care

For wordes oftymes, men haue bren  
shente,

For sylence kept, fewe them repent  
Two eares, one tongue, ouely thou  
haste

No thynges to heare, then wordes  
to wass

A sole in no wyse can hym forbear  
He hath two tongues, and but one  
eare

Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine  
Lest

Certayne lessans.

Leste that thy wordes put the to  
payne

Wordes wpselye set, are worthye  
moch golde

The price of rashnes, is come tolde  
Yf tyme require wordes to be had  
To hold thy peace I hold the mad  
Talke onely of nedfull verytyes,  
stryue not for tryflying fantasyes  
With sobernesse the trouth boulte  
out,

Affyrm me nothyng wherein hys  
doubte

Who to thys song wyll take good  
nede

And spende no mo wordes then he  
nede.

Though he be a foole, and haue no  
brayne

He shal by this great wyſdō gaine  
Speake whyle tyme is, els holde

the styl

Wordes out of tyme, ofte thynges  
do spyll.

Sarwell

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Cercayne lessone<sup>d</sup>

Say wel, and do wel, are thynges  
twayne

Twysse blest is he, in whome bothe  
do rayne

Saywell is sure a worthy thyng,  
of saywell great goodnes doeth al-  
way sprynge

Saywell from do wel dyffereth a  
letter

Saywell is good, but do well is  
better.

Saywel is ruled by mā some deale  
do wel to god doth wholy appeale.

Say well is good, and doth many  
please,

Doo well is better, and dothe the  
world ease.

Saywell causeth manye to scryp-  
ture cleaue

For lacke of do well, they quyckly  
leue

If saywel and do wel, were soyned  
in fraime.

All were wel and wonne, got were  
the

Certayne lessons,  
the game  
Saywell in daunger of deathe is  
colde.  
Do wel is earnest, and wonderous  
holde.  
When say wel for feare doth trem-  
ble and quake  
Do wel is ioycond, and good cheare  
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finis.

# The Proverbes of Salomon, translated into Englyshe mette.

## Argumentum. Chap. i.

The wyldome of the Lorde our God  
doth call vpon vs stylle  
That we flee farre from wycked men  
and folowe not they; wyll.

**M**y sone thy father herke vnto  
Me to hys loze enclyne  
Forsake y not thy mothers  
but sure let it be thyne (law  
For that shal cause grace plētiful  
to lyght vpon thyne head:  
And on thy necke shall be a chaine  
and stande the in good steade  
Therefore my sone take thou good  
whē synners do the tempte (hede  
For though that they do the intyse  
to them do not consent  
Yf they shal say come thou w vs  
let vs laye wayte for bloude:

And

The vniuerbes of Salomon  
And causeles ky whole innocent  
and spoyle them of theyr good

Let vs the swallo w quycke and  
let vs deuoure them al (hole  
As those chat abyde into a pyt,  
so shal they take theyr fall.

And we shal costely ryches fynd  
to do ther wyth our wyll  
And with þ spoiles that we shal get  
we may our houses fyll

Cast in thy lotte among vs now,  
a man yf that thou art:  
And then we wil haue al one purse  
and thou shalt haue thy part.

But walke þ not with the (my son)  
theyr pathes do thou refrayne  
Their fete ar hasty bloude to shed,  
all yll they do retayne

But al in vapne the net is layd  
before the byrdes eyes:  
Yet one an other g bloud to spyll  
much yll they do deuyse.

And they the selues their own dear  
thyg way do hurt & noye: (bloud

And

The prouerbes of Salomon  
And theyr owne soules do quite de  
of al eternal ioye. (pryue

This is the way of gredy men,  
and this is al theyr feare:  
for to beriue hys brotherys lyfe  
hys ryches for to gette.

Without therfore doth wydom  
a putteth forth her voyce: (call  
Behold for in the open streates,  
to you She maketh noyse.

She calleth before the multitude  
that all men may her know  
And in the towne gates openly  
her wordes shē doth now shew.

Oh folishe mē and fond (saith she)  
how longe wyll ye delyte  
In falyshe schole: and ye unwyse  
to wydome beare such spyte.

Oh turne to my correction,  
I wyll my mynd expresse:  
And I wyll make you understand  
my wordes both more and lesse.

Sece then that I haue called you  
and ye refuse my name,

And

In metre.

And haue put forth mine hād also,  
and ye for sake the same

And al my counsels ye haue had,  
in mockynge and despyste  
And also my correctyon,  
haue set at naught and lyght

Therefore wyl I laugh ioyfully  
In your destruktyon

And mocke you whā the plague you  
shal iustly on you come (feare

And whā that which you feare so  
full sodaynly doeth fall (moch  
And troubles and greate heuynes,  
shall come vpon you all

The when you do vpō me craue,  
I wyl not heare your mynde  
Though you seke me, & that earely  
yet shal you not me fynde.

And why? I say because that you  
my knowledge so abhorde  
And cast away agaynst my wyll,  
the feare of god the Lorde

I sayd before they dyd refuse,  
my counsels euery one

B.i.

And

The proverbes of Salomon  
And dyd not cease for to despyle  
my good correctyon

To eate þ frute of theyz own way  
the Lord shal them constraine  
þþyth the deuice he shall them fyll  
of theyz insensate brayne

And for the fall of the vnwyse,  
he shall them slay anon  
And eke the wealth of soles shalbe  
theyz owne confusyon

But who to me that geueth eare  
Shall dwell safelij I saye  
And haue ynough; & nede not feare  
by nyght, nor yet by Daye.

Argumentum. Chap. ii.

It is here taught that we shuld learm  
Gods wysdom to obtayne  
The wealth also that cometh therof  
is here descrybed playne.

(wordes  
**M**y sonne receyue thou these my  
the which shalbe right wyse  
And kepe thou my comandementes,  
my sonne I the aduyse,

In metre.

So that thine eares may euermore  
to wysdome's scholes enclyne  
Applye thyne hart to vnderstande,  
soch thynges as he dyuyne  
for ys thou after wysdome crye  
and styl l vpon her craue  
And callest on for knowledge gift,  
because thou woldest her haue  
And seke for her as þ woldest seke  
for money in the dust.  
And dygge for her as treasure that  
in earth is hydde and trust  
Then shalt thou ryght wel vnder-  
the feare of god the lord (stad  
And of his law þ knowledge fynd,  
accordyng to hys worde  
For god alone doeth geue to vs,  
hys wysdom for to speake  
Out of his mouth doth knowledg  
and vnderstanding eke (spryng  
The righteous inē he doth preserue—  
in welfare throught hys myght,  
He doth defende the innocent  
that walke hys way aright.

B.II.

He

The proverbes of Salomon

He doth the kepe straight in his wa  
that they go not astray (thes)

He doth drect hys holyones,  
to walke ryght in hys way

If thou be soch, þ Shalt them learne  
by iustyce for to deale

With euery man in equityie,  
throughout the comen weale

In iudgement ryght thou shalt lyke  
al other men excell (wyse)

And euery good path unto the,  
the lord shal shew ful well

If wylome entre in thyne hart,  
and knowledge in thy spyppte

The understandyng good counsell  
shall the preserue vpryght

That thou mayst so deliuered be  
from every wycked waye

And frō those men þ froward thyn  
do alwayes speake & say (ges)

The whyche do leaue the waye of  
and walk in darknes stil (light)

And which reioyce most iocundly  
when they haue done ful yll

þwhy

In smet.

Whych do delyte in wyckednes  
whose wayes are byle and bayne  
whose crooked pathes ar sclaudes  
frō them do thou refrayne (toug

That also frō the straunge womā  
delyuered thou mayst be  
And from her eke that is not thine  
or was not wedde to the.

Which speaketh faire, & doth for  
the husband of her youth (sake  
And doth forget the conaunt made  
of god and of hys trouth.

Take hede, her house enclyneth  
to death, as I the tell (fast  
Her pathes are sure the ready way  
that leadeth downe to hell

And they also that go to her,  
shal not come out agayne.

Nor take hold of the way of lyfe.  
I tel the thys i splayne  
That thou mayst walke in þ sure  
wherof I do the tel (way  
And kepe the pathes of ryghtuous-  
thē shal t thou do ryght wel (neg

B.iii fog

The proverbes of Salomon  
For why: the iust shal euer lyue,  
In ioye that doeth not cease  
The innocent remayne on earth  
in welth, and eke in peace  
But the vngodly shalbe pluct  
out of the lande I saye  
And wycked men chased shal be  
out of the same for aye.

Argumentum. Chap. iii.

Sure trust in God ought al men haue  
and not in theyz owne brayne  
The wycked man thou shalt not feare  
ne yet the scorner bayne.

**M**y sonne, forget not þy my lawe  
but haue it styll in syght  
And let thine hatt obserue my woe  
so shalt thou walke a ryght (des  
þer succesþey shal prolog thy daies  
thy yeres, and lyfe also  
And bring the peace and quyenes  
and rydde the out of wo  
Let mercy nor yet faythfulnes,  
henceforth from the depart

Bynde

In agess

Bind the about thy neck(my sonne)

and wryte them in thyne hart

And so shalt thou great fauor wyn  
of god and eke of men

In understandyng pefectlye

expert thou shalt be then

With al thine hart to god the lord  
put confydence and trust

And leaue thou not in any wyse  
to thyne owne wyt and lust

In al thy wayes haue thou respect  
vnto the lyuyng lord

He shal thy doynges ordre well  
accordyng to hys worde

We not to wyse in thy conceate  
but feare god in thyne harte

In hast also from wyckednes  
endeuoure to departe

So shall thy nauyl styl(my sonne)  
contynue hole and sounde

Thy bones also and body shal  
wyth lyuely strength abounde—  
Honour the lord, and to hym geno  
the best of thy substaunce

B.iii. And

The proverbes of Salomon

And t<sup>e</sup> e fyrt frutes of thyne encres  
hys glory to aduaunce (se)  
**S**o shall thy barnes be fylled full  
and that wyth plenteousnes  
**T**hy preses all shal ouerflowe  
wyth wyne of great swetenes  
**T**he bytter scorge of god the Lord  
(my sonne do not despysse  
And whē thou art rebukte of him,  
faynte not in any wyse (loue  
**F**or loke whō that the lord doeth  
hys rodde shal on hym lyght  
**E**uen as the father whipes his sōne  
to knowe him selfe a right  
**Y**et doeth the Lord nevertheles  
loue hys afflycted styll  
**E**uen as the father doth hys chyld  
when he hath bete hys styll  
**F**ull wel is he therfore I saye  
the whych doeth wysdom fynde  
And understandynge to obtayne  
doeth set hys hart and mynde  
**F**or marchādice there is none such  
throughout the wozd so rounde  
**T**he

In metre:

Ther is no sylvert nor yet golde,  
wherin such welth is founde

More worth then al the golde on  
let wysdome be to the                    (erth  
To her al thyngē thou canst desyze  
compared may not be

On her ryght hand atteDaunt is  
longe lyfe, wyth colour grene  
And honour stādes on her left hād,  
wyth ryches well besene

Her wayes also ryght pleasan̄t ar  
whych pleasure doth not cease  
Her pathes likewise ar nothing elg  
but bnytye and peace

She is a tree of lyfe to them  
that laye holde on her ryght  
And blessed are they þ kepe her fast  
wyth al theyz power and myght

In wysdom eke the lyuing lord  
full well the earth dyd found  
And w hi s word þ heuens he made  
the earth to compasse rounde

And through þ wysdō of the lord  
the waterz brake vp all

The

The Proverbes of Salomon.

The cloudes also power downe the  
that on the earth doth fall (rayne

My sone, let not these thynges de  
at no tyme from thine eyes (part  
But kepe my lawe and counsels all  
by the in any wyse

So shall it be eternall lyfe,  
thy soule for to embrase  
Thy mouth shal be replenyshed  
Wyth vertue and wyth grace.

Thē shalt þ be right sure to walk  
full boldely in the waye  
Thy fete shal never slippe from the  
by nyght nor yet by daye

If thou doest slepe at any tyme  
thou nedest not be afraedyd  
But swetely slepe, and take thy rest  
for god wyl be thyne ayde

And though that the vngodly mi  
rushe in wyth vviolence  
Thou shalt not be afraedyd at al,  
for God is thy defence

The lord wil stād fast by thy syde  
and helpe the at thy nedē

And

In metre.

And kepe the safe, and suffre not,  
thyne enemys to procede  
And soch as wolde to other men  
do good wyth all theyz harte  
And haue ther to suffycient  
to lette is not thy parte  
And ys thy selfe thou able be  
thy neyghbour to releue  
Help hym with soch as thou mayst  
and gladly to hym geue (spare  
Refuse not to do good to them  
to whom it doth belonqe  
Whyle that thy ryght had able is,  
to do it them amonge  
And ys thy frende do aske of the  
say not, gette thou thy way  
To morow come agayne to me  
or els some other daye  
And then wyl I geue the(þ sayest)  
wher as thou mayest it now  
Euen out of hand, & ys thou wylt,  
thys god doeth not alowe  
Intend not to thy neyghborz hurte  
where he no harme hath mente

And

The Proverbes of Salomon.  
And wher to lyue in rest and peace  
he settes hys whole entent  
Strive not (my sone) wyth any man  
where as he doth no woo  
Nor follow thou the vniust man  
but hym the fast hym fro  
For why? the way of scorneres all  
the lord doeth cleane detest  
And for to talke wyth symple men  
the lord is pleased best  
Great scarcytye the lord doth send  
wher wycked men abyde  
But he doeth blesse the godly men  
and shal for them prouyde  
The lord shall laugh at taornefull  
a mocke the to theyz face (me)  
But to the lowly he wyl geue  
hys goodnes and hys grace  
The wyse wyth theyz postellions,  
in honour shal l remayne  
But shame is the promocyon  
that folyssh men obtayne.

Argumen

In Metre.

Argumentum. Tha. lll.

How sagely and how fatherly  
doeth vs here aduyse  
That we from euy! our hartes refrayne.  
and studye to be wylle.

¶ childe heare youre father no  
Whowe he doth you exhort (we  
Take hede þ you do wisdom leare  
whych shalbe your comfort (ne  
And I wil geue you good reward  
and therwyth wyl you fyll  
yf you wyll not forsake my law  
but studye therein styll.

For when I was the onely sone  
of both my parentes dere  
And tenderly beloued was,  
of father and mothere

The he taught me ful louyngly  
and vnto me dyd preache  
And thus he sayde full oftentymes  
as I wyll you now reache

Se that thou doest receave (sayd—  
my wordes into thy brest (he)  
And kepe the wel, so shalt thou liue  
in perfyte ioye and reste.

In

The gowernes of Salomon

In vnderstanding busely  
applye thy selfe al waye  
Let not the same depart from the  
by nyghte, nor yet by daye

And wyl dom nruer suffre thou,  
from the for to digresse  
Yf thou loue her she shal preserue  
and kepe the from dystresse

The chiefeſt poynt of wyldom is  
that thou do take in hande  
Before al goodes wyldom to gethe  
and learne to vnderſtand

Make moch of her & ſhe ſhal the  
promote to power and myght  
And yf thou her embrace, ſhe ſhall  
to honour bryng the ryght

For ſhe wil make thine head truly  
both good and gracyous  
And with a crowne ſhal garniſhe it  
that is full glazyous

My ſone, therfore embrace wſpe  
the wordes I ſay to the (de  
So that thy yeres in ioy and peace  
on yearth prolonged be

The

In metre.

The wayes of wysdom unto the,  
I shal make fayre and playne  
And in the pathes of equityie  
Shall leau: the to remayne  
So that thou mayst walke wel in  
A haue none hinderance (the  
And whē thou r̄unest þ Shalt not fal  
nor haue an euyl chaunce  
Of wysdō, the sure hold take thou  
and do not let her goo  
In kepyng her thou shalt surely  
Defended be from woo  
And in the path come not (my sōne)  
of the vngodly trayne  
Nor walke thou in the wicked way  
of them whose lyfe is vayne  
From the yl trade of naughte men,  
Depart thou cleane abyde  
And se that thou go farre frō the,  
and kepe the stylle awyde  
They cā not slepe til they haue done—  
some harine or els myschief  
Nor take their rest til thei haue wro  
to some mā wo or griefe (ught  
For

The prentches of Salomon

For they do eate the bytter bread  
of wylful wyc kednes  
And drinke the wine of comē spoile  
and al vngodlyneg

The pleasant pathes of godly me  
appeare both lyght and gaye  
And to all me more bright do shire  
then doeth the lyghtesame daye

But the yll way of wyc ked men  
to darckenes is comparde  
Wherin men fal, or they beware  
or els do scape full harde

My sonne, marke wel my wordys  
that I do to the tell (therfore  
And to the same thine eares encline  
and understand theym well

And se that fro thy faithful mind  
thou lettest them not depart  
But kepe them styl full stedfastlye  
in the mydst of thy harte

For they are lyfe unto al those  
that chaunseth them to fynde  
And healt h of body to al soch  
as beare them in theyr mynde

Mp

In metre.

My sone also kepe wel thine hart  
for therin resteth lyfe  
And put frō the a froward mouth,  
and lyppes that causeth stryfe

And let thyne eyes w̄ diligēnce,  
behold that whych is ryght  
And eke thine eye liddes loke before  
dyrectly in thy lyght

Marke wel thy pathes, lest ȳ thy  
appē sodenly to slyde (fete  
So shal thy gate be sure ynough,  
whether thou go or ryde

Turne not asyde on the left hād  
nor yet vnto the ryght  
But kepe away from wyckednes,  
thy fete wyth al thy myght

The perfite paths ȳ lord doth kno  
that lede the way of lyght (we  
The wycked wayes the lord also  
consydereth aryght

But soch as walke in godlynnes—  
the lord w̄ i kepe and saue  
And al theyr tourneyes prospere so  
that they none harine shal haue.

C.i. Argus

The proverbes of Salomon

Argumentum. Cha v,

**C**Al harlottes sle, shyne bouour sauue  
thy petes spende not in vayne  
of thyne owne floure entoy the fruyte  
a raunge loue also refrayne.

**M**y sonne geue eare & that w<sup>s</sup>pe  
my wysdō folow thou (de  
wyth good pretēce to wisdōs scole  
thyne eares se that thou bowe

So þ thou doest regard alway,  
my ryght and good counsell  
And þ thy lippes may nurtour keþ  
lykewyse in speakyng well

The flattering lippes of wicked  
may wel compared be (whores  
To hony combes whych do dystyll  
as we do often see

Whose wordes appere vnto thine  
as smoth as any oyle (eares  
But thou art li ke wout good heðe,  
to take the shame and foyle

And in the ende the pleasure past  
assured thou mayst be  
The bitter tast of wormewood shal  
more pleasaunt seeme to the

And

In metre.

And so likewise more sharpe she is  
the swerde of stelle wel wrought  
which on both sides w cuttig edge  
mans lyfe doth bryng to nougnt

forsake she hath the path of life,  
visted fast is her waye  
So that thou shalt it never know  
what euer she doth saye

Her fete do lede the way to death  
her steppes do leade to hel  
The same be alwayes wanderyng,  
and in no place can dwell.

Geue eare therfore my sone alway  
and her ke well unto me  
And on the wordes of my wise mou  
attendaunte se thou be (th

Estraunge thy self as farre frō her  
as euer that thou maye  
And come not ne her dozes nor hou  
by nyght nor yet by day (se

And do thou not thyne honor geue  
unto an other one  
Nor yet the fruyte of thy lōg yeres  
to sach as be thy fone

C.ii. That

The proverbes of Salomon

That with thy ryches other me  
theyr houses do not fyll  
Nor w thy paines a straugers hou  
be stuft agaynst thy wyll (se)

Lest that þ mourne, but al to late  
vpon a wofull daye  
Whē þ hast spent both lyfe & good  
and be compelde to saye

Alas why dyd I nourtoure hate  
why dyd myne hart despysse  
The lerning pure þ I was taught  
which wold haue made me wyse

Why was I not obedient  
to them that dyd me teache  
And harkened not to thē the whch  
so moch to me dyd preache

Wherfore almost al care & gryete  
is casten me vpon  
In the mydst of thy multytude,  
and congregatyon

To vse þ drinke of thine owne wel  
is sure a pleasaunt thyng  
And of the brooke that floweth frō  
the head of thyne owne spryng

Suffre

In metre

Suffre the same to ouerflowe  
as ryuers to the brinke  
That water putte the neady maye,  
of them at al tymes drynke

Yet let them be thyne owne onely  
ysf nedē of them thou hast  
And þ̄ straunge mā kepe wel frō thē  
ysf longe they maye not last

Lykewise be glad of thyne owne  
depart thou not her fro (wyfe  
A louyng hynd thou shalt her haue  
ysf frendely be thy Roo

The brestes of her se þ̄ alwayes  
suffisaunt be to the  
And with her loue hold the content  
so shall you best agree

Wherfore (my sōne) why wylt þ̄  
in harlots soch delyte (haue  
And dwest embrace thy neyghbours  
and doest to him soch spyte (wife

Remēbre that of eche mans life  
the trade in the lordes syght  
þpereth plain, which he doth iudge  
accordyng unto ryght

C.iii.

And

The Wroches of Salomon.

And of mās steppes w̄ watchful  
the nombre hath he told      (eyes  
And doth his w̄ȳes w̄ iudgement  
consyder and beholde      (ryght

The wickednes of an yll man  
shal catche hym selfe at last,  
And w̄ the snares of his owne sinne  
he shalbe trapped fast

Because he wold not learned be,  
death shall hym ouercome  
And headlong for hys folylges,  
to Sathan shall he ronne.

Arguementum, Chap. vi.

There art thou warned of suretisshē  
and louthfules to flee  
Of doctrine falle beware the scyghtē  
and flee adulterye,

**M**y sonne yf thou a suretye be,  
or promyse for thy frende  
Thou hast thy hand so fester,  
it wyll not be vntwinde

And boud y art in thine own woz  
as fast as thou mayst be      (dis  
And take art in thine owne speach,  
tyll he acquygeth the

Discharge

In metre

Discharge thy selfe for thou art  
into thy neyghbour's det (come  
Seke then al meanes, & se yf thou  
thy neyghbour canst entreate

Refrayne thyne eyes fro to moch  
and to thy selfe beware (Slepe  
As doth y doo the bloudy houndes,  
or bynde the fowlers snare

The lytle ant (thou slouthful ma)  
to thyne example take  
And learne of her for to be wylle  
and purveyaunce to make

For wher she hath no governour  
nor mayster her to learne  
Nor witty king vnder whose rule,  
wel holden is the sterna  
Yet nature doth in her this worke  
wythout any other gyde  
In somer tyme wyth busynesse  
for wynter to prouyde

How long wylt thou (oh trougylly  
in ydlenes remayne (man)  
And geue the whole to rest & Slepe  
and slackest to take payne?

The proouerbes of Salomon.

Go to, go to, slepe hardelye  
and slumbre out thy fyll  
With folded armes lye down to rest  
and take thou thyne owne wyll

As one that iourneth by the way  
so pouertye shall come  
And also lyke a weaponed man  
on the shall fiercely ronne

But yf thou be industrious  
and well thy labour plye  
Thyne haruest shal be plentifull  
and yelde abundantlye.

And as the ryuers great & depe  
encrease by rage of rayne  
So shall thy barnes be stufed full  
of corne, and eke of grayne

And thou hal stād nothing at al  
in feare of any lacke  
The wofull bagge of beggery  
shall never greue thy backe

A wycked man, and he that is  
replenished wyth gyle  
Doeth alway seke maliciously  
With lyes the to bewyle

In metee,

He serueth to none vse at all  
he slereth wyth his eyes  
and with his fingers meneth craft  
and geues him selfe to lyes

And he doth alwayes exercyse  
some myschefe for hys part  
And causer is of moch discord  
through malyce of his harte

Wyth hast therfore remedelis  
some yll shall on hym fall  
from him his lyfe shal taken be  
when he thinkes least of al (sone)

Sixt thinges ther be on erth (my  
whych God doth hate ful soze  
The feuenth aboue the other syre  
the lord doth most abhorre

A proud disdaynful loue the lord,  
doeth vtterlye refuse

A lying tongue that fyled wordes  
deceyptfullly doeth vse

The hurtful hades which hast do  
the gyntles bloud to spyl (make  
and can not els the selues refraine  
tyl they haue done some yll.

In

## The Proverbs of Solomon

In hart that doth his euil though  
to thy s onely employe (tes  
which way to worke most wicked  
and other men to noye (neg

The fete also whych ready be  
great synges for to comynyt  
And in one place can never stand  
tyl they some myschefe hytte

A witness false y doth hys lippes  
Deceyptfullly applye  
And couertly hys neyghbour greue  
wyth some new forged lye

The sower of dyscorde is worse  
when brethren doeth agree  
And he that doth cause louing fren  
great enemis for to be (des

But thou my sonne, my couisels al  
print sur into thyne harte  
Do not forsake thy motherg lawe  
nor laye the same aparte

Commend them to thy memorie  
bynde them thy necke about  
And wher þ goest, leade them wþ the  
then slepe and haue no doute

End

In meere,

And whē thou wakest out of thy  
in them se thou delyght      (slepe  
for my pceptes a lanterne are  
and to thy feete a lyght

In which thou mayst wont peryl  
passe safelij on thy waye  
for nurtoure is yf thou it take  
to lyfe a readye staje

The same shall the preserue also  
from her that lyueth amys  
and also from the harlots tongue  
whch so deceiptfull is.

Let not her beauty the enflame,  
her beokes are very hokes  
To catch thine hart into her snare,  
through her deceiptful workes

To bring a man to begge his bread  
it is an harlots guyse  
But for the lyfe of honestye  
the godly doeth deuyse

Many man the flamyng fyre  
in hys bare bosome bryngt  
But that it shal hys clothes burne  
and cause hys fleshe to wrynge

¶

The proverbes of Salomon

Or may a man on redde hote coles  
bare fote passe on hys way

And yet the same him never greue:  
no, no, I dare wel saye

Eue so I thynke that the same man  
that doth an harlotte se

And bseth hym to touch her ofte  
vngyltye can not be

The thefe is not despysed of all  
that steales for very nedē  
Hys gredy wōbe, & hungry guttes  
in hongre for to fedē

The vrimost is, yf he be founde  
seuen tymes to yelde agayne  
Or els to make amendes wythall  
hys goodes that do remayne

But yf thou be in whoredō foud  
with any neyghbour's wyfe  
Thou playest the sole, for that doth  
destructyon on thy lyfe      (bryngē)

Thou gettest thy self rebuke & sha  
wherof none can the rydde      (me  
Dylshonour eke thou purchasest  
whych never shall be hydde

## **Jin Mette.**

for why? her husbādes wrathful  
entreated can not be (ire  
Though þ geue gyfes, amēdes to  
as moch as is in the. (make

### **Argumentum. Chap. vii.**

**C**In thy s he doth al men exhorte  
to wylsdom for to cleave.  
He sheweth eke the harlots trickes  
wherwyrth he doth deceyue.

**M**y sōne marke wel my cōsels  
At laye them vp in stōre (al  
Obserue wel my cōmaundementes  
by the for euermore

And honour thou the lyuing lord  
so shalt thou be ryght sure  
To raygne in ioyes celestyall  
whych euer shall endure.

And other goddes feare not at all  
in men haue thou no trust.  
And thys doyng thou shalt be sure,  
to lyue among the iuste.

The kepe thou my comau'demetes  
lo, once a gayne I saye

DEUTSCH

The vrokerbes of Salomon  
Euen as the apple of thyne eye,  
by which thou seest the daye  
And eke about thy syngers ten,  
se that thou do them bynde  
And write the in thine hart w spede  
and priute them wel in mynde  
And se that thou to wysdom saye  
thou art my syster deare  
And understanding cal lykewyse  
thy kyndwoman ful neare  
For wysdom shal the safelij kepe  
from women that be yll  
So that on harlots fyled wordes  
thou shalt not set thy wyll  
As I by chaunce late downe to se  
the folye of yonge men  
And kepte me close w in mine house  
and pepte out now and then.  
Behold I saw a yong sole passe  
the corner of the strete  
And hyed as fast as he myghte go  
an harlotte for to mete  
And so toward the harlots house  
he toke hys waye ful ryghte  
Thynkyng

In mete.

ThinKyng to scape and not be sene  
when it was almost nyght

And sodainly ther met with hym  
an harlot proude and bolde  
whych alway set her whole delite  
to mocke both yong and olde

For in her hart Deceyce was hyd.  
and wantonnes also  
whych she declared by her attyre,  
and tokenys other mo

Whose fete could not abide win  
the house, but ranne about  
Now here, now ther, in eche blynd  
wythin and eke wythout (lane  
She caught þ yōg mā kissing him  
and shamed not to saye  
I made a vowe which to performe  
I purposed this daye

Wherfore came I to mete þ now,  
and to beholde thy face  
And thus I haue by happe þ foude,  
my waye as I dyd trace

My house is dect w painted clo-  
of Egypt the to please (thes

My

the proverbes of Salomon

My bedde doth smel of Sinarmon,  
of myre and Aloes

Come on therfore and let vs lye  
togeather al thys nyght  
And leſ vs twaine our plesure take  
tyll it be broade day lyght.

Mine hūsbād iſ not now at home  
he iſ gone farre away  
With him he toke the money bagge  
and comes not home to day.

And thus w̄ many flattering wor  
she dyd hym ouercome (des  
And also through her lying lyppes  
anon she had hym wonne

Immedyatly he folowed her  
moch lyke unto an oxe  
which led iſ to a slaughter house,  
where he iſ kylde wytch knockes

Oꝝ lyke unto the folyshe lambe,  
that skyppeth in the leese  
— Whē that the boucher fetcheth him  
mens appetite to please

He thynketh not how shamefullly  
to pyson he iſ brought

W̄cher

In metre.

Wher his body doth suffre wo  
for foly by hym wrought

This harlot vyle of this yōg sole  
so chaunged had his harte  
And had anon wounded to death  
his lyuer with her darte

That lyke a byrd he made great  
to fall into the gyn (hast  
Not knowyng of the fowlers art,  
vntyl that he was in

For loue I speake ful faterly  
and counsell the eftstone  
Marke wel my wordes w diligēce  
obserue them wel my sonne

Let not thine hart in harlots sna  
at any tyme be caught (res  
Be not deceyued, refuse her syght  
her pathes be very naught

Her house my sonne is þ ryght way  
that leadeth vnto hell  
The chābers of the same to death  
may be compared well.

D. i. Argu.

The Proverbes of Salomon  
Argumentum. Chap. viii,

The wyse men doeth commend to vs  
the sonne of god most hys  
Whiche is the word that al thynges made,  
and was eternally.

**H**ow can you say (oh mortall me)  
that wisedom doth not crye  
And prudence eke exalte aloude  
her voyce incessantly

In places al, as in the toppes  
of hylies that be full stepe  
And in the plaine & wide countreyes  
and valeys that be depe

In comon places, nygh the same  
in churches and in stretes  
And in the gates of cities great  
Wher many people metes

The myghty word, þe sone of god  
doeth cal unto mankynde  
Whiche was before þe heauens were  
& uttereth thus his mynde (made  
O sonnes of men to you I speake  
and earnestly do crye

My

In metre.

My wylldom leare to understand,  
and kepe it faythfully

Oh herke wel, & geue good eare,  
of wayghty thinges and wyse  
My lippes shal speake, myne harte  
moch godlines deuyse (hal styl

My talke shalbe on vertuous thin  
wherin I most delyght (ges  
My lippes abhorre the wyckednes  
for al hyg power and might

My couisels al, and my preceptes  
be ryghteous and strayght  
There is in them no wyckednes  
nor any maner sleyght

To soch as do them understand  
they be but very playne  
And not to hard for them to kepe  
yf therof they be fayne

Before great heapes of worldly  
chose thou my discipline (goodes  
My doctrine is of greater pryce,  
then is the golde so fyne

As lightsome daies w his bright  
excelleth the darke nyght (beames

D.ii When

The proverbes of Salomon  
Whē that þ skyes are ful of sterres  
or mone doeth geue her lyght

Euen so truly doth wylde passe,  
and farre aboue excell  
All worldly wealth: to it nothyng,  
may be compared well

I whych am the eternal word,  
and equall in all myght  
To god the whych all thynge hath  
and created aryght (made

Alliaunt am, from tyme to tyme  
in counsels that are iust  
And lykewyse am of al good thon-  
the geuer when I lust (ghtes

And he whych hath the feare of  
sure printed in hys brest (god  
Doth hate al vyce, al pryde of hart  
and utterly detest

The wyc ked pathes in whych to  
yli me haue theyz delyght (walke  
The double tonge his neyghbours  
which worketh w despyte (hurt

I onely geue unto mans hart  
good counsel to deuyse

In metre

To deale vp ryght in equytye  
and iustyce exercysē

All wylde doeth procede from me  
as from the very spryng  
all worldly strength and fortitude  
to man alone I brynge

By me s̄ kiges theyz power do ta  
and rule the earth therby (ke  
And holsome lawes are stablished,  
and kept accordyngly

By me also al Magistrates  
the people kepe in awe  
And iudges geue theyz sentences  
accordyng to the lawe

And such as do vnfaynedly  
loue me, I loue agayne  
And whē they cal, great hast I ma-  
to rydde them out of payne (ke

All worldly goodes be geue to me  
to do wyth them my wyll  
And I haue power whō that I lyf  
wyth ioye on earth to syll  
And I lykewyse of heauely giftes  
haue plentye and great store

D.iii. Wyth

The þrouerbes of Salomon.

Wyth me doeth grace celestiall  
remayne for euermore

No treasure in þ world so wyde  
comparde may iustely be  
Unto the frute and perfect welth,  
whych do procede from me

The tried gold and the siluer fyne  
whych doth on earth remayne  
And stones of pryce vnto the same,  
may well be compted hayne

And in þ wavyes of ryghteousnes,  
to walke is my delyght  
And in the place wher iudges do  
according vnto ryght

I do also the godly men  
through mercy to me call  
And plenteously do them enrych  
wyth grace celestiall

Wyth god I haue bene hecherto  
and was eternally  
Before the earth was created,  
my father stode I by

I was begot longe tyme before  
the waters dyd surrounde

The

In metre

The erth, or that the mighty hilles  
were settled on the grounde

I was likewise before the fluddes  
had made them selues awaye

Or that the earth or lytle hilles  
were brought unto theyz staye

And whē þ god the heuēs did ma  
I was eu'en then at hand (ke  
And whē the depes he dyd cōmaūd  
not to surrounde the lande

And when also the fyrmament  
he made as we nowe see  
And rūning sprīges of water pure  
commaunded for to be

And when that he vnto the seas  
assygned a certayne place  
And willed þ fluddes not to excede  
theyz bondes in any case

And whē likewise the erth he ma  
immoveable to stande (de  
I was with him, and to eche thing  
dyd put myne helping hand

I dyd reioyce, and day by day,  
I dyd delyght in men

D.iii. Great

The proverbes of Salomon.  
Great pleasure eke I had to be  
in company of them

Wherfore my sones enclyne your  
and herken vnto me (hartes  
Most blessed he is þ in my wapes  
delyteth for to be

And doth þ same kepe faythfully  
as I to hym haue taughe  
And spedely maketh hast to voyde  
the thyng whych semeth naught

Geue eare, geue eare I say my so  
and learne for to be wyse (nes  
He is a foole and wycked man  
that doeth the same despise

And happy is the man that doth,  
heare me wþ good intente  
And he also whose watchfull eyes,  
on me are alwayes bente

For he that hath obtayned me  
of perfyte blysse is sure  
And god to hym the lyfe wyl geue  
that euer shall endure

And who þ doth agaynst me synne  
doth bryng hys soule to care

Myne

**In metre,**  
**Syne enemys shall of dreadefull**  
**be wrappet in the snare**      (Death)

**Argumentum. Chap ix.**

**C**ffrom syntulnes the come of god  
doth call borth yong and olde  
And sheweth playne the wryckednes  
of hatforres proude and boldc

**T**He wylde high of god aboue,  
Equal wyth hym in myght  
Which fro the fyrt beginning was  
from heauen descended ryght  
And here on earth the shape of man  
disdayned not to take  
Which beyng done, unto him selfe,  
a princely house dyd make  
Wherin were wrought of marble  
pillers both large & wyde      (syne  
The same theraby þ he myght cause  
for euer to abyde

And then anone great quanþtyg,  
of vitayles dyd he slaye  
Wyth wholsome meates, & pure good  
byss table dyd he laye      (wyne  
And

The Proverbes of Salomon  
And thē set forth his hādmādes al  
and gaue them to theyr charge  
To bydde all men vnto hys house,  
which was so fayre and large

And sayde also ful louingly  
yf any sole there be  
Let hym resort vnto my house  
and come streyght vnto me

To synful mē he spake lykewis  
resorte to me wyth spedē  
And of my b̄read eate you your syll  
prepared for your nedē

And drynke ȳ wyne before you syt  
and leaue your ygnoraunce  
Walke in the trace amōg the good  
þs her wysdō leadeth the daunce

If thanþ doest the skorneful mā  
admonish to repente  
Thou doest nothinge but workēt in  
for he wyl not relent      (vayne  
He yet amend hys wycked lyfe  
wherby he doeth prouoke  
The iuste and euerlasting god  
to plage hym with his stroke

And

In metre.

And in the same iniuriouse  
Unto thy selfe thou arte  
And winneth hate for thy good wil  
He setteth not a farte

But yf thou doest, yea bytterly,  
rebuke hym that is wyse  
He wyl the loue, and at no tyme  
thy good counsel despysse

The wyse man doth aduertysment  
alway turne to the best  
And by the same more ready is,  
all wyce for to deteste

For who so doth þ ryghteous tea  
of this thing may be sure (ch  
He wyl make hast learning to win  
and therin wyl endure

The feare of god the first point is  
þys wyldom to obteyne  
Of wyldom he shal never mysse  
in whom Gods feare doeth raygne  
To such wil god send joyful daies  
and wyl theyz yeares increase  
And all thiȝ good wyl multiply  
that they may lyue in peace

The

The Proverbes of Salomon

The wyse man doth alyl escape  
and nothyng doeth he lacke

The skorning ma great synne doth  
upon his woful backe (beare

Of pratyng whores & impudent  
it is the wonted guyse  
With flattering wordes & whorish  
to tyce in the vnwyse (tryckes

A shameles whore of godlynes,  
doeth knowe nothyng at al  
In open stretes she lyteth downe,  
that men shal may ther call

As they do passe fro place to place  
theyr busynes to do

If any man do want hys wytte  
let hym go her unto

To who shal wyl not sticke to say  
and boldely to hym tell

The water that by stealth is gotte,  
al other doth excell

And so lykewyse the stolle bread,  
al though the same be sober  
Moch sweter is then other bread,  
at large whyle men deuoure

Buc

In metre.

But in thyne hart my louing sone  
Mynt thys my saying well  
Who so by her is overcome  
descendeth vnto hell.

And who that doth contrary wyse  
her wycked waye denye  
Unto hys soule wynneth quietnes,  
and sauad shalbe thereby

Argumentum, Chap. x.

The wyse man wþt the folyshe man  
is here compated playne  
the feare of god commended is  
and lyuyng gret wþt payne

**T**he wyse sone doeth hys fater  
wþ gladnes & wþt noye (fyl  
But the vnwyse wþt sorow doeth  
hys mother hurt and noye.

And treasure gotten wyckedly  
Shall profyte the nothyng  
But wysdom shall delyuer the  
from death and from hys stryngē

The lord wyl not hys holy ones  
In honger to abyde

Buc

The wiserbes of Salomon  
But the vngodly kepe he wyl  
from theyz desyre full wyde  
An ydle hand the thryfty man  
doth make both poore and bare  
But yet the hand in labour quykke  
the neady cryeth from care

The wise man doth in somet tyme  
hys fruytes laye vp in store  
That he therby in wynter colde  
may helpe hym selfe the more

But who so that in haruest tyme  
a slouggardes parte doth play  
A sole him sheweth and is copelde  
to begge another day

With beauty deckt is the bright  
of euery righteous one (face  
But past al shame the wicked are  
With theyz presumption

Of wysdom eke the memory  
shal haue a good reporte  
Euen so the name of wicked men  
shal sone to shame resorte

A wyse man wyl admonyshed be  
and that is sygne of grace

In metee.

A foole wyl rather then he so do  
be stricken on the face

Who so þ leadeth a gytlis lyfe,  
doth walke awaþ ryght sure  
Yf thou treadest in þ wicked trace  
thou shewest thy selfe vnpure

The wicked man beware my sone  
least he do the some harme  
Out of the mouth of folyshe men  
al wyckednes doth frame

The righteous mouth doth make  
þ is the wel of lyfe (moch peace  
The wycked mouth contracy wylle  
doth alway sturre vp streife

And envy eke the mother is  
of cursed wordes and fell  
But loue doth hyde all gentilly  
the wordes not spoken well

The lyppeſ of thē that vnderſtād  
of wiſdom haue no lacke  
But the scourge doth onely belong  
vnto a foolyshe backe

Wylle me doth good knowledge  
more surer then theyr lond (kepe  
But

the pionerches of Salomon  
But nygh to theyr destrukcyon,  
drawe folyh men and fonde

The rythmas goodes ar his strdg  
wherin hys trust is al (hold  
Yf pouerty oppresse the poore,  
the rych mans helpe is small

The good is wont to neady me,  
part of hys goodes to geue  
And of hys store hys neyghboures  
wyth plentye to releue. (lacke

But to bestowe in vanities,  
the wycked do not cease  
Soch goodes as he shuld wel em-  
vnto hys neyghbours ease (ploy

Take he de therfore & chastisment  
receyue wyth al thyne hart  
Yf thou refuse aduertisement  
thou playest a folyshe part

Dissembling lippes at veryt cause  
of hatred and despyte  
A sole he is which sclauderouslye,  
hys neyghboures faime doth byte

Of many wordes and ydle talke  
offences do ryse

In metre.

But wel is he that can refrayne  
hys tongue from tellynge lynges

The tongue whiche is al innocent  
a noble treasure is

The cruell harte of wycked men  
delyght to do amys

The righteous doth wth their sayre  
a multitude enflame (speak  
for to embrace moch godlynes  
and to eschew al shame

And so lykewyse the folyshe men  
are lyghtly caught in snare  
Of their own wordes, and trapped  
or they therof beware (faul

The blesyng of the lard onely  
of ryches sendeth store

The trauayle is the instrument  
wherby he geueth more

If god do not encrease thy corne  
and blesse it wth hys hande  
Thē shalt thou labour but in vaine  
in tylling of thy lande

A foole in byce reioyceth styl,  
for why, he doeth not care

E.i.

Yet

The grouerbes of Salomon  
Yet neuertheles, I the aduyse  
of soch one to beware

For at the last with myserie,  
the wycked peryshe shall  
Whan godly men shal prospere wel  
and dreade nothyng at all

Wagodly men shal vanyshe quite  
and neuer turne agayne  
Moch lyke unto an hurling storme  
myred with hayle and rayne

The ryghteous shal cōtinue styll  
and hereof be ryght sute  
In rest and peace of conscience  
for euer to endure

As vinegare good w̄ his sharp tast  
doeth set on edge the teeth  
And the thick smoke vnto the eyes  
is cause of payne and griefe

A sloathful man and stouggish beast  
the good doeth so offendē  
Whē they in payne wold haue hym  
and he wyl not amend      (thryue  
The feare of god doth blesse þ good  
and the yeres doth prolonge

In metre.

As for the yeres of wicked men  
shal not continue longe

The good doth byde in pacience,  
and shall be glad therfore  
The wicked shal for al theyz hast  
peryshe for euermore

The wayes of god doeth courage  
vnto al godly men (geue  
But soch as liue in wickednes  
great feare doeth fynd in them

The righteous shal at no time fal  
but stedfastly shal stande  
The wycked men shal dwel in lyfe  
no longe tyme on the lande

The mouth also of godlye men  
In wyldom doeth de lyght  
The lying tongues of froward me,  
agaynst the trouth doeth fyght

The righteous lippe s ar occupied  
in wyldomes talke onely  
Angodly men abuse theyz tongues  
in shame and blasphemey.

C.ii. Argument

# The proverbes of Salomon

Argumentum, Chap. xi.

To dele vpryght here are we taught  
and humble for to be  
And mercy eke commended is  
toyued wyth simplicitye

**I**n the lordes sight, & in his eye  
it is a thyng most vyle  
With subtil weight or mesure false  
thy neyghbour to begyle

But god the lord contrary wylle,  
in trouth doth most delyght  
It is hys wyl that al men shold,  
wyth other deale vpryght

The equal weyght & balauice iust  
to god ryght pleasaunt be  
When that the same unto al men,  
do yelde wyth equitye

Rebuke & shame do folow pryde,  
in whom that it doth raygne  
But wher ther is humylite,  
great wysdom doeth remayne  
Who doth not hate w hart, nor mid  
throughout the worlde so wide

The

In oþer,

The fiercee & proude disdaynful man  
whych is addict to pryde

Who doth not loue vnto theyz po  
the man of humble spÿryt (þer  
The way whiche in Doyng good  
to other doeth delyght

The symplenes & meanyng true  
whych godly men assayre  
Doth them direct in holines  
and in the perfyte waye

The wicked craft & wili sleightes  
whych in the yll are founde  
Do at þ last cast downe the selues,  
and laye them on the ground

The day that god in dome shal sit  
to iudge both good and bad  
What shal þ goods the vs preuaile  
which in thy s worlde we had

The iustyce yet & ryghteousnes,  
with christ to man dyd bryng  
From death shal safe deliuere him  
and from hys deadly styng

The meaning true of simple men,  
E. iii. shall

The Proverbes of Salomon.

Shall holde them styll upryght  
The wicked trane shal headisg fal  
for al theyz power & myght

The godlye folke throught righte  
deliuered be at last                          (ousnes  
The wycked in theyz owne deceipte  
shal trapped be full fast

Whē death arrestes the wicked man  
with his most dreadfull darte  
His hope is gone, for on his goodes  
onely he set his harte

The iust man is, by the lords helpe  
delyuered from yll  
In stede of whom the wycked man  
tormented shall be styll

Beware also of dyssembling men  
for they wyl sone betray                          (words  
Their faithful frēd throught flattery  
Who so their mouth doth say

But yet the iust and faithful men  
theyz knowledge shal defend  
from al the snares of fideled wordes  
whych wycked men intende

In effect.

If that perchance an honest man  
to welth aduaunced be  
The hole citie wherin he dwelleth  
reioyce as wel as he

And if so be a wycked man  
do happen to decease  
All men be glad that his soule  
is vanquished awaie

And so likewise thoroþ godly me  
a cytye shall encrease in good soules  
To which by their good gouernance  
is brought both rest and peace,

So that the same in noblenesse  
all other shall excell in one iijijijij  
As in a ranke of baddest fayres  
some one doth beare the bell

But through þe myght of þe wretched  
whiche honeste do haſcapiþ loghted  
Hole couertes and great regouers  
are set at stryfe and hate, in iijijijijij  
wherby at length the same be brouȝt

to tuyne synd and deſaþe  
And from a fal by no meanes can  
them selues upholden and stayen

C.iii. Who

The Bocherbes of Salomon.

Who so that doth his frēd despise  
Doth shewe but lyttle wytte  
By thys it semes to lyue on earth  
that he is nothyng fytle

The wylle mācā euē when he lyf  
from talke hys tongue refrayne,  
Wherby he scapes þ daūgerous yll  
of hatred and dysdayne

The flattering mācā fayned frend  
that doth nothyng but glose  
Of hys deare frend unfaythfully  
the seeretes doth dysclose

But faithful frens whose ddinges  
þþryght and also lust  
In no wile wyl bewray the thiges  
commytted to theyr trust

And wher ther lackes a gouernor  
both politique and wyle

The people whiche be vnder hym  
shall fal and never ryse

But happy is that region

whose ruler hath the grase

To talke of godly conseilours  
to folowe and embrace

Who

THE MASTERS

who so is boud for straingers dets  
doth bryng hym selfe to care  
and is compeld the same to pay  
though he be poore and bare

But he shal lyue in quyetnes  
and haue no feare at all  
which taketh he de by suretyshyp  
least he in daunger fall

A woman which is gracuous  
and doth applye her mynde  
The vertuous schole vpon the earth  
is sure great grace to fynde

An ydile hand can at no tyme  
to welthynes attayne  
But heys sur the same to wyr  
that lathureth myth manne

The mā in whose hart mercy wox  
him self doth profyte most . . . (kes  
for mercy from infernall payne  
doth rydde his symple ghost . . .

The cruel man farr otherwyse,  
wyth malice and debate  
Euē such as ought be nere to hym,  
Doeth persecute and hate

四

The prouerbes of Salomon

Of þayne woxes of wickedme  
no prefyte cometh at all

Theyz doynges are not permanent  
but sure to haue a fall

But who so doeth seke rightheous.  
and practyse her in dede      (neg  
Is sure to haue eternall ioye  
for hys rewarde and nedē

And mercy doth p̄pare the way  
that leadeth vnto blysse  
Yf thou be geuen to wickednes  
of death thou shalt not mysse.

The liuīg lord doth most abhorre  
the man whose hart is yll  
And onely bent to wickednes  
wyth whole entente and wyl

But he doeth most reioyce in sondy  
that in hys woxde delyte  
And leade theyz lyues accordyngly  
in symptenes of sppypte

A woman whiche in beawty doth,  
all other farre amende  
And hath no good condicions  
her beautye to defende

vnite

In metre

Unto a ring of pure good golde  
a man may well compare  
The which a sowe in her foule nose  
continually doeth beare

The iust men do reioyce in god,  
and holynes embrace  
But bente unto all fylthynes  
the wyc ked runne theyr race

And some ther be v̄ to their goods  
their neyghbour doth releue  
And yet the same do stylly encrease  
though they do largely geue

And some ther be contrary wyse  
that others robbe and pylt.  
Of ryches great, yet for al that  
they be but beggers stylly

The soule of him most blessed is  
and never shall haue neade  
which in his store wþt gladsome  
the hongry men doth fedde (hart

And so lykewyse he never shall  
for lacke of drynke decaye  
That unto him doth reach the cup,  
that traualyleth by the waye

¶  
¶

The proverbes of Salomon

The people curse most bitterly  
the tyller of the ground  
which in his barnes no corne at al  
wyll suffre to be found  
In time of derth, al though he haue  
great plentye and great store.  
But kepes it close euен purposely  
to make the pryce the more

But blessed is he in al mens mou-  
that whē the corne is skāt (thes  
Brīgeth forth his grain, & suffreth  
the market for to want (not

He ryseth well, and in good tyme  
for good thinges that doth cal  
The naughti workes of wicked me-  
shal soone oppresse them all.

Who so in his bayne ryches doth  
put confidence and trust  
Is sure hereof whē he thikes least  
to fall into the duste

Wher as the iust & faythful man  
shall prosper styl in peace  
Euen as a tree in the springe tyme  
doeth budde forth and encrease

And

In metre.

And who þ doth through folþ br̄g  
þys houſhold out of frame  
Shal waſt hiſ goodes, & in þ ende  
ſuſtayne rebuke and shame

And thē at lēghth for lacke of wyc  
and ſpoyleyng that was hyg  
Againſt hiſ wil the wiſe māſ neſte  
to ſerue he ſhal not myſſe

The tree of lyfe or heauenly iope  
is euuen the very gapne  
A fruite that iust & ryghteous me,  
shal reape for all theyz payne:

Here endeth the Chapters of the  
Prouerbes of Salomon, & here af-  
ter foloweth thre Chapters in or-  
der out of the Boke of the

preacher, otherwyſe cal-  
led Ecclesiastes.



Here begynneth thre Chapters of  
Ecclesiastes.

Argumentum, Chap. i,

In thy Chapter doth Salomon  
proue all thynges vayne to be  
Onely excepte vnder the Sunne  
Gods trueth and verytye

**I** Salomon sonne of Dauid  
Kinge of Jerusalem (guyd  
Who God hath chose the Jewes to  
And preach hys worde to them  
Allyarie to you ryght constantly  
In preaching of wordes playne  
That al thinges are but vanytye  
Yea, all is very vayne  
For in this world ther is no thyng  
That vnder Phabus bryght  
Doth know to haue a long beynge  
To raygne wyth power or myght  
Alas therfore what stable fruyte  
May men in thy Chapter fynde  
In that they seke with painful sute  
The trauel of theyr mynde  
For we that liue on earth most vile

Drau

Ecclesiastes

Draw towardes our dectay  
Our children fyl our place a whille  
And then they fade away  
All worldly thiȝ doth chāge & swar  
The earth remoues for none      (ue  
But for a place it doth vs serue  
To playe our partes upon  
When that the restles sunne w hast  
Westwardes her course doth runne  
Towardes the east he hyeg as fast  
To ryse wher he begunne  
When hoory boreas boysteroug  
Hath blowen hys frozen blast  
The gentyll breath of zephirus  
Dyssolues the yse as fast  
The fluddes v drinke vp brookes so  
And swel by rage of rayne      (small  
The seas as fast repulse them all  
And swalowes them agayne  
This worldly pleasure, lord eterne  
Doeth runne so swyft a race  
that scarce out eies may the disterne  
They byde so lytle space  
What hath bene earst, & is not now  
And

The proverbes of Salomon

And lyke here after shall  
That new deuyse what man doeth  
That seuer is not to fal (knowe  
What new thing may a man cōtrue  
But soch thynges in tyme past  
Hath tyme buryed & doth reuyue  
And tyme againe shall wast  
Thynges þ haue bene ye know wel  
Hath now no brute at all (howe  
Euē so shal dye such thinges þ now  
The symple wonders call  
For I kyng of Jerusalem  
Whom god hath chosen to teach  
Ouer the Jewes to gouerne them.  
And hys wyldeom to preach  
Haue serched lōg to know w̄ stryfe  
All thinges vnder the Sunne  
To se how in thys mortal lyfe  
A severtyp myght be wonne  
A kyndled wyl we haue to know  
And straunge thynges to requyre  
Which oft times doth vs ouerthwo  
In torment for our hyre (we  
The ende therfore of trauayles all  
Forth

otherwise called Ecclesiastes  
forth with I sought to know  
I found it bayne myred wyth gall  
And burdende wyth moch woo  
Of natures workes I understand  
The faultes may none restore  
Whiche be in number lyke the sande  
Upon the salte shoudde shore  
The vaulting in my wyt I thought  
To call vnto my mynde  
What rules of wisdo I had taught  
That elders could not fynde  
And as by contraryes we speake  
To trye most thinges we vse  
Mens folyes and their errours eke  
I gan them all paruse  
Therby with more delight of mind  
To knowledge for to clyme  
An endles worke I dyd it fynde  
Of Payne and losse of tyme  
For he to scole of Sapiens  
That doth applye hys mynde  
The more he doeth hys diligencē  
The greater doubt shal fynde  
And al soch men as enterpryse

F.i.

Co

The Boke of the Preacher  
To put newe thynges to vre  
Of some that shal scorne their deuſt  
May wel theſelues aſure. (ſe

Argumentum, Chap. ii.

How the vagodly men obteſſe  
Salomon doth record  
All thynges are vayne in the respecte  
Of God the lyuyng lorde

(wayes

Bro pensyue facies theſtrayght  
I gan myne hart reuoke  
And gaue me to ſuch ſportig plaies  
As laughter myght prouoke  
Soch vaine delights for my paſta  
When they moſt blynded me. (ſe  
He thought a ſmiling conuincice  
A kyngē dyd yll agree  
I ſought to please dylyciously  
My bely then wyth wyne  
To fede me fat with meates costly  
Of rate delyghtes and fyne  
And other pleaſures of my mynde  
To purchase me wyth rest  
In ſe great choyſe the thing to fynd  
That miſt contente me best

But

ethermyse called Ecclesiastes  
But lord what care of mind vnperte  
What sodayne stormes of yre  
What broken slepe dyd I endure  
To compas my desyre.  
To builde me houses farre and gay  
Then set I al my cure  
By prynceely actes to stryue alway  
And make my fame endure  
Delytious gardens to my mynde  
I made to please my syght  
Wher in grew fruite of euery kynd  
That my mouth myght delyght  
Liuely springes by conduytes clere  
From theyr olde course I drewe  
The fruytful trees to freshe & che  
That in my garden grewe (re  
In lytle space also I bredde  
Of cartell great encrease  
I gaue my vōdmen wiues to wedde  
Whych serued me wyth peace  
Great heapes also of shyning golde  
By sparynge some I gaue  
Endewed with ryches many fold  
As fytes a prynce to haue

The Boke of the Preacher

To heare fayre wome syng & taunt  
Sometyme I dyd reioyce  
Rauylshed with their tunes plesaunt  
And swetenes of theyz voyce  
Leimans I had so fayre that space  
And of so lyuelye hewe  
That who so gased in theyz face  
Myght wel theyz bewty rewre  
Theuer late a kyng certayne  
So ryche in Davids seate  
Yet stil me thought for so smal gain  
The trauaple was to greate  
Yet frō the wyndowes of my mynd  
I had no pleasaunt syght  
Nor frō my hart of myzth no kynd  
That myght geue them delyght  
Which was the only fruyte that I  
Dyd reape of all my payne  
To please my harte and fede myne  
Lo, thys was al my gayne      (eye  
but whē to make my couit I thought  
Wyth how great care of mynde  
And hartes vnrest þ I had soughe  
So wastful fruyte to fynde

Then

otherwysse called Ecclesiastes.

Then was I stroken straight & hit  
Wyth that abused fyre  
To glory in that goodly wyt  
That compast my desyre  
But then a freshe before myne eyg  
Grace dyd my faultes renew  
What good callynge I dyd despyle  
My rewen to pursw  
Of ragig pleasures past I thought  
Perylles and harde escape  
What fāsyes in my head had wrou-  
The lyquore of the grape      (ght  
Therefore they runne in errours all  
Whose fraile hartes doth the moue  
To stryue in hayne to be equall  
Wyth hym that syts aboue  
In whose most perfit wrokcs I say  
Soch craft appeareth playne  
That to the least of them ther may  
No mortall man attayne  
And lyke as lyght frō day so bremys  
Doeth shyne aboue the nyght  
So darke to me dyd folysse  
And wyldomes beaines as bryghte

F.iii.      whose

The boke of the meacher  
Whose eies did shewe so bright a shyp  
Notes to deserue a fynde      (ne  
But wyll had closed folyes eyen  
Who groped lyke the blynde  
Yet death a tyme consumes w scath  
All wyt and worldly fame  
And loke what ende that foly hath  
And wysdom hath the same  
the thought I this, o lord of myght  
May not then wysdom cure  
The woful wrōges, w hard cōfycct  
That foly doth endure  
To sharpe my wytte so fyne to reche  
Then why toke I thys payne  
Now wel I finde this noble serche  
May eke be called hayne  
As claudres bruyte and barbarus  
Is folyes iust reward  
so which time to silēce doth trācebus  
And bryng to smale regarde  
In lyke maner doth tyme defeate  
The noble blast of fame  
which shuld resoud the glory great  
That doeth deserue the same  
Thus presēt chaunges haue chased

btherwyse called Ecclesiastes.

Away the wonders past  
He is the wyse mans fatall threde  
Yet longer sponne to last  
þe on this wretched vale dowlles  
Our lyfe I lothed playne  
Whē I beheld our paines fruytles  
To compas pleasures bayne  
Our trauayls great w painful sute  
Is vaine as ye shal know (fruite  
For eyres vñknowen shal reape the  
That we with Payne dyd scōwe  
But god þ al thynges understandes  
Who can hym selfe incline  
For to know into whose hādes  
I shal my goodes resygne  
But lord how pleasant & how swete  
Semeth the ydel lyfe  
That never felt of care one whyt  
Nor burdyned wþt stryfe  
And vile the gready trade so brute  
Of them that toyle so sore  
To leaue to soch theyr trauayls fru  
That never swet therfore (te  
What is that pleasant gaine at last

f.iii. which

The boke of the preacher  
Whych is that swete relefe  
That shuld delaye the bytter tast  
We fele of al our grefe  
Our gladsome daisies a simple gain  
To seke a way we passe  
The nyght to fede a restles brayne  
Be broken slepes alas  
What is left vs then to be had  
What comfort doeth remayne  
Reioyce our hertes & make it glad  
Wyth the fruyte of our payne  
Yf that be trew him selfe who may  
A man so happy call  
As I whose spence I dare wel saye  
Doth shyne beyonde them al  
A gracious gyft it is surely  
And fauour of the Lorde  
Our goodes to spende lyberally  
The ground of al dyscord (so  
And wretched harts haue they who  
Doeth let theyr treasure moulde  
And beare the rod of all theyr wo  
That glory in theyr goulde  
But I by profe do vnderstand

whose

otherwyse called Ecclesiastes  
Whose ryches beare soch brute  
what stable welth in wast may stād  
In heappnge of soch frute

Argumentum, Chap. iii

All earthly thynges haue tyme and space  
No mortall tbyng is good  
How wronge is set in iuayce place  
And drinkes the gylles bloudz

{wonne

**O**f eche thing that on erth doeth  
Is none deuoyde of cryme  
And euery thyng vnder the sonne  
Is subiect vnto tyme  
For why the man begot of late  
As we were al and some (pate  
Shal turne to grouid whē death his  
Shal hpt in tyme to come  
And eke the graftes we plāt w̄ pain  
In hope to haue the fruyte  
To roote them vp in tyme agayne  
Is all our whole pursuyte  
The sede eke that we laboured  
To grow with paynfull swette  
In tyme agayne to cut & shred  
It is our common feate

And

The Boke of the Preacher  
And somtyme fortunes threatening  
Doth make vs to cōplayne (chere  
But euery pleasaunt trane of her  
Reioyce our hertes agayne  
Somtyme old byldigs down to cast  
Is our vNSTABLE gyse  
And w those stones agayne at laste  
We buyld some new deuyse  
New fānsyes ryse styl in our braine  
Which fade returninge mo  
And now we practyse to attayne  
That streyght we must forgo  
Somtyme to spare we set our wyt  
That after wardes we wast  
And that we trauayle for to knyt  
For to vnlowe as faste  
Somtyme in sobre sylence eke  
Our quyet lyppes we close  
but whē vnbridled tōgues do speake  
They do our hertes disclose  
Soch as in folded armes somwhile  
We dyd imbrace we hate  
Whē strayght agayne we reconcyle  
And banyſhe al debate

So

otherwysse called Ecclesiastes  
So small is our commodities  
Of al our paynes I see  
We wast our lyues in countryes  
That never shall agree  
for al these heauy cares from god  
Are sent for our unrestes  
wyth all our welth that heuy lood  
He freyghtes styl our brestes  
All that þ wroughtest lord of blysse  
Hath beautye and good grace  
Of the eche thyng assygned is  
Hys proper tyme and place  
Thou grauntedst eke to mā the fame  
Of all the worldes estate  
And of eche thing wrought in the sa  
To argue and debate (me  
which act though it approach a reach  
The heauenly knowledge most  
The natural course of thigs to sear  
Yet al is labour lost (che  
But yet the windowes of my mynd  
That longe for suerty soughte  
No wealth wout great paine could  
In this world to be bought (fynd  
Ther

The Boke of the Preacher  
Therefore his hart þ doth not synke  
In sekyng gready thyft  
But freely spendes his goodes may  
It is a secrete gyft (think  
For it shall be fulfylde I say  
what so the lord intende  
Which no deuyse of mans wyt may  
Apayze ne yet amende (ght  
For he hath made eche thig of nou-  
That Adair s chyldren myght  
Lerne for to drede þ lord þ wrought  
Soch wonder s in theyz syght  
Great wonders past ryght worthy  
which now ar out of mynd (praise  
To be renewed in our dayes  
The Lord hath so assynde  
Lo, thus thys carefull scourge god  
Doth steale on vs vnware (woote  
which whē þ flesh hath clene forgot  
He doeth agayne repayze  
When I in this vayne search anone  
Had wandred from my wyt  
Beholde I sawe a ryall throne  
Wher iustyce shuld haue syc

In

otherwysse called Ecclesiastes.

In steade of whom I saw a geast  
wyth fierce and cruel mode  
wher wrog was set that cruel beast  
And dranke the gyltles bloud  
Then dyd I maruayle sore and saye  
when god shal syt in dome  
This wycked folke vpon that day  
He shal them ouercome  
For why to syt in iudgemente seate  
Unto the Lorde is dewe  
On good on bad, on small & great  
He shall geue sentence trewe  
But I perceaued in continent  
Thys rod that god dyd sende  
To scourge proud harts þ dyd inuenç  
wyth god for to contendre  
Theyr errour proud for to confute  
And for to make them see  
That the diffar frō beastes brute  
Ryght lyttle in degree  
For who so doeth not knowledge  
In thys can do no lesse      what  
Then of his hart so arrogant  
The errour to confess

The boke of the preacher  
For whē that death shall hym atest  
And dye as other doo  
Thē shall hys death be lyke a beast  
As was hys lyfe also  
But onely for the soule elect  
To lyue eternally  
Both man & beast are lyke subiect  
To very vanytē  
For why the forme so exceilent  
That god gaue unto man  
Or other beast it shal relent  
To earth wher it began  
And who can tel vs readelye  
Whether mans soule ascend  
Or wyth the body yf it dye  
And to the grounde dyscende  
Wherfore eche hart of gready sute  
That ryches sekes to gayne  
Gather may he the sauery fruite  
that springeth of hys payne  
But yf we haue conueniently  
Let vs take it in worth  
And wyth our handes myserably  
Eke let vs poure it forth

Fox

otterwyse called Ecclesiastes.

for treasure spēt while life doth holē  
The body doth sustayne (De  
Else other mē most wast theyz gold  
That we haue got wþt payne  
And in this life what mās foresight  
Doeth know who shal posseſſ  
the goods wherin they dyd delyght  
And got wþt painfulnes.

Finis.

C Here endeth these thre Chapters  
of Ecclesiastes, and here after fo-  
loweth the syrte Chapter of  
Sapientia or Boke of  
Wysdome.



## The. vi. Chapter of Sapientia.

The kynges and rulers of the worlde  
the wyse man here doeth call  
If they to wysdom wyl not cleave  
god wyl them punysh all

Wysdom is a moch better thyng  
Then strength & force to fyght  
A wise man is more worth also  
than strong men much of myght

Heare o ye kynges and vnderstād  
be wyse therfore and learnde  
By whom the matters of the earth  
be iudged and desernde

Geue eare to me, I saye: all ye  
that rule the multytude  
Which in moch people haue delight  
and all thynges shulde conclude

For power & strength is geue you,  
of god the lord most hye  
He shal serche out that you inuent  
and al your wortes wyl trye

Now that you beyng officers  
vnder hys kyngly trone  
yon dyd not iudgement execute  
as unto hym is knowen

And

In metre.

And how you haue not kept þ law  
of rihghteousnes I saye  
Nor haue not done his blessed wyl,  
nor walked in hys waye  
ful horribly and that ryght sone,  
to you he shall appeare  
For ryght hard iudgemēt shal they  
that power & rule doth beare (haue  
Mercy vnto the symple men  
god graunt wyth good intent  
But they that beare auctorite  
shal haue soze punyshment

For god, that is the lord of all  
and iudgeth very ryght  
Shal stād in awē of nomās power  
hys greatnes or his myght  
For he hath made the smal & great  
hys care on all is bente  
But they that be of myght shal haue  
the sozer punishmente

Ye Kynges echone to you therfore  
doo I now speake all thys  
Because that you may wilðō learie  
that you go not amys

G.i.

Fox

For they that righteousness doth  
shalbe iudged righteously (kepe)  
Theȳ ar lerned in righteous thin-  
Shall answere redelye (ges)

Wherfore loue wel my wordes I  
and on them set your lust (saye)  
So shall you wel by mortoure come  
in season due and lust

For wysdom is a noble thyng  
awaye she wyll not moue  
And she is sene full easely  
of them that doth her loue

Them that to her haue a desyre  
them she doeth preuent  
So that she may shew first her selfe  
to them wyth good intent

Who so awaketh to her betyme  
thal haue no great trauayle  
For at hys doore he shall her fynde  
She shall hym neuer fayle

Ryght perfectly they vnderstande  
that thynk eth her upon  
And they that watch for her shalbe  
ryght safe and that anon

In metee.

For she alway about doth go  
and seeketh euery where  
for soch as shuld for her be mete  
and god doth loue and fere

full chearefully before theyr eyes  
her selfe she doth forth shewe  
And meteth them with dylgence  
because they shold her know

For the desyre vnfaynde and true  
of reformatyon

Is her begynnyng and her ground  
that she is buylt vpon

To care for nortoure loue it is  
ye loue wyth hys prudence  
And loue is kepynge of her lawes  
and that wthy dylgence

It is perfectyō to kepe the lawes  
and ryghtly doth accorde  
An uncorrupt lyfe maketh a man  
famlyar with the lorde.

If your delyght in royll seates  
and scepters than shulde be  
Ye kyngeſ that do the people rule  
I saye harke vnto me

G.ii

And

Sapientia, Chap. vi,

And upon wysdom set ydur lust  
I saye to you therfore  
That you may raygne in great glo  
with god for euermore (ly)

O loue the lyght al ye that rule  
the congregatyon  
And I wyll make of wysdom nowis  
a declaration

What wylsdo is, how she came b y  
I wyll tell you thys tyde  
The mysteryes of god the lord  
from you I wyll not hyde

But I wyll seke her out in dede  
That al men shall it see  
Yea, from the fyrest oryginall  
of her natiuytie

And bryng the knowledge of he r  
and shew you al the ground (lygh t  
And as for keping backe the trueti h  
in me shall not be be founde

Whether wyll I haue ought to do  
wyth enuye and dysdayne  
For why? soch men in no wyse may e  
to wysdom apertayne

The

**In Agette.**  
The multitude of wyse me makes  
the world ioyfull to be  
A wyse kyngē doth hys realme vp-  
wyth ryght and equite (hold

O now receave ye morture then  
it is a blessed foode  
And let my wordes be your councel  
and it shalldo you good.

C Here endeth the vi. Chapter of  
Sapientia, and here after fol-  
loweth the ix. Chapter of  
Ecclesiasticus.



The. ix. Chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

Argumentum. Chap. ix.

**C**how that men spide before them selve  
wyd wyues that be therwomes  
An olde frende is the dea of all,  
For he is crewly knowen.

**B**e not gelous over thy wif  
But kepe thy houfe monte strife  
That she shew not somer point of yt  
Of wicked doctrine the to spyll  
Geue not thy powre nor yet thy lyfe  
Unto an whore that maketh stryfe  
Least shē redound, with thy strength  
And so confound, thy foole at length  
Loke þ not thē, on women nought  
That vpon men, set al their thought  
And vpon soch, set not thy care  
Least that shē twich, the in her snare  
Se thou eschew, thy selfe alway  
From her that vse, to daunce & play  
Heare thou her not, in any wypse  
Tho shē ful oft, do the intyse  
Behold not a mayde, I say to the  
Least thou be dismayd, of her beauty  
Cast not thy mynd, on harlots then

In egre.

Noz on the kynd of euyl wemen  
Least thou destroy thy selfe in age  
And eke annoy thyne heretage  
Be not gassinge I saye to the  
At every thyng in the cypre  
Do not wandre in every strete  
But be in feare the euyl to mete  
And turne away thy face her fro  
The womā gay wil worke much wo  
And loke not on the great beawty  
Of any one vñknownen to the  
For many me the whiche did stave  
On straunge women þ were so fayre  
Were perished through their desyre  
Whiche kindled lyke burning fyre  
An aduouterous woman with þre  
She shal be thus tradē in the myre  
Under the seere as doxt and clay  
Of al that goeth upon the wane  
Many a man wonder haue had  
of a straunge womā were they not mad  
yes, for they were as cleane outcast  
Her wordes did fare as a fierblast  
Thus kepe the styl in godly lyfe

G.iii. Set

The ix. Chapter of Ecclesiasticus

Set not thy wyl on another mans  
Syt not w̄ her at any sted (woyse)  
Lye not with her upon the bed  
No talke w̄ her make thou at wine  
Least that to her þ shuldest encline  
And so thou & thy bloud shuld fall  
And on the lande destroyed all  
Forsake not you a good olde frende  
For soch a new thou shalt not fynde  
For a new frend is lyke new wyne  
which is not kynd tyl it be fyne  
Let him be hold then shalt þ be sure  
To vrke hi be bold w̄ great pleasure  
Do not desyre the honour therfore  
That a synner doth kepe in store  
Thou doest not know the destructiō  
The which doth know it come the on  
kepe þſcð þ̄ns þ̄n power to slay  
them wedest not tha of death to fray  
Albeit thou make w̄ him no stryfe  
Leall that he take fro the thy lyfe  
Thine mire how in the eytē  
þ̄n thy l doest go in leopardye  
and take good heed of an euil neibor  
Least

In metre

Least with his dede, he the deuoure  
Wyth wyse men be, in company  
It shall do the, great honestye  
Lest iust me be, thy gestes alwayes  
And merely, geue god the prayse  
See euer styll, that thou be kynde  
And w̄ good wyl, kepe god in mind  
Let al the wordes, with good intent  
Be on the lordes, commaundement  
the crafts mā, maketh gorgious kin  
All other then, doth it comend. (De  
Princes that rule, theyz people w̄el  
ful oft they wyl, of wysdom tel  
A mā that manye, wordes doth use  
A wyse mā than, wyl them refuse  
For soch a one, I say to the  
Doth make moch mone, in a cyte  
There is so moch, tymeryte  
Wythout it soch, men can not be  
He is past shame, I say therfore  
Me shal him blaine, and eke habore

Here endeth the. ir. Chap.of Ecclesiasticus.

Certayne

**C**ertaine Psalms of David  
drawen into metre.

Benedic domini in omni, psa. xxxviii

How god doth kepe good men  
and he wyl hem defende

How you to leade a godly lyfe  
if you do so intende

Appel hnto the lord

be geuyng thankes alwayes

My mouth & tongue shal ever be  
a spekynge to bys prayse

My loule shall make her bothe  
in god the lord of myght

The pooore opprest shal heare therof  
and gladly shall delyght

I bid you now erborke  
o prayse the lord wyth me

Together with an humble harte  
byss name to magnyfye

For I besought the lord  
he had me by and by  
And out of al my payne and wo  
he dyd delyuer me

Then receyue the lyght  
and to hym drawe you nere  
And then wythouten shamefastnes

31 metre  
your faces shal appeare

This poore man cryed to god  
and he dyd heare hys prayer  
And from hys troubles euery one  
delyuered hym fulfayre

The aungell of the lord  
doeth pytche his tente ful rounde  
About al thet that both hem feare  
to kepe them safe and sounde

How frendly is the lord  
o fass and se who lust  
And blessed is that man therfore  
that in him putteth hys trust

O feare the lord hys sauges  
se that ye do him please  
For they that feare him lacke nothig  
but euer shal haue ease

The tych shall hunger moch  
and want that lyning foode  
But they that seke y lord shal lacke  
nothing that whiche is good

Come hechet o you babes  
and harken to my boyles  
I shal you teach the feare of god  
and

The psalmes of Dauid  
and therin to beloyce

Mo so lusteth to lyue  
and se good daves is fayne  
Let him his tongue & lippees kepe  
all euyl to refrayne.

Let them eschewe al yll  
do good and never cease  
And let hym seke and eke insew  
to lyue in rest and peace

The eyes of god are set  
vpon the ryghteous men  
Hys eares are opē to theyz prayers  
and he prouydeth for them

The face of god also  
the wycked men doth se  
Them to destroy out of the earth  
and al the memorye

When ryghteous men do crye  
the lord doth heare theyz mone  
And from theyz troubles by and by  
he wyl them helpe anone

The lord is nere to them  
that are in hart contryte  
And he wyl helpe soch as be meke  
and of an humble spyrte

In metre,

The troubles of good men  
although that they be great  
The lord shal helpe them out of all  
and fayre wyll them intreate

He kepereth al theyz bones  
together safe and sounde

So that not one of them is broke  
wytb any strype or wounde

But yet my stortune greate  
the wycked men shal kyl  
And they that hate the ryghteous  
shalbe accused of yll

The lord wyl the soule saue  
of them that doth hym serue  
And al that put theyz trust in him  
that they shal never swarue.

Deus in nomine tuo.psa.livii

How that the ryghteous man  
for helpe to god doth cal  
And howe that he so conciente  
had hys despres all

E Or helpe I call to the o god  
because that I haue nedē  
For thi names sake & in thy stēgh  
Delyuer me wytb spedē

Heare

The psalmes of Dauid

Deare my prayet my god my king  
Whan I to the shal praye  
Consyder well the wordes of me  
that I to the wyll saye

The straugers & the myghtenes  
agaynst me doth surreckt  
which haue not god before their ey  
my soule they wold infeckt

But lo, god is my helpe at nede  
yea, onely it is he  
That doth uphold my soule in dede  
from theyr iniquitye

And eyn shal the lord reward  
vnto myne enemys  
And in thy truthe thou shalt destroye  
them that do the despyle

I wyl offre to the o Lorde  
and geue thy name the prayse  
O lord because thou comfortest me  
and helpest me alwayes

For thou lord hast delyuered me  
frbm all myne agonyes  
So that myne eye seeth hys desyre  
vpon myne enemys

Beatus

In meeter.

Beatus vir qui timet      Psalm. Cxii

The ryghteous man that feareth god  
shalbe ryghte sau and sure  
Wyth fayth hys enemyes to mytbaunde  
and stongly shal endure

The man is blest þ feareth God  
And walketh in hys way  
And to kepe hys commaundementes  
delyghteth nyght and day

Hys sede shal stil with might & po  
þpo the earth prosper      (bwt)

The faythful generacyon shal  
be blessed in lyke maner

Ryches, ioy & plenteousnes  
in hys house shalbe sure  
And eke I saye hys ryghteousnes  
for euer shal endure

In darkenes to the godly man  
ther ryseth vp a lyght  
Whiche sheweth mercy louingly  
and walke the way of ryght

Wel is he that mercyfull is  
and lendeth wyth good wyl  
And wyth dyscrecyon euermore  
hys wordes doþ pondre styl

fol

The wſalmeſ of Dauid

For moued ſhall he neuer be  
hiſ righteouſnes ſhal ſure  
Be had in remembraunce  
that euer ſhall endure

Whē he doth heare of tſdinges yl  
he wyl not be afrayde  
Hys hart beleueth assuredly  
the lord wyl be hys ayde

Hys hart is ſurely ſtablyſhed  
he wyll not ſhrynde vntyll  
That he vpon hys enemys  
hath hys deſyre and wyll

For he hath dealt abrode ful wel  
and geuen to the poore  
Hys ryghteouſties remayneth ſtill  
both now and euermore

Hys horne ſhal be exalted ſtill  
wyth power and eke with myghte  
The whiche whā wicked mē ſhal ſe  
ther at they wyl haue ſpyght

And thē ſhal he gnashe w̄ hiſ teeth  
and conſume them awaye  
The bngodly and theyz deſyre  
for euer ſhal decaye.

In metre.

In exitu Israel de Egipto Psalm cxiii,

How god the iuyng lorde  
for Israell dyd prepare  
By miracles and wondres worke  
kyuge David doth declare,

Whan Israell dyd procede  
Worth of the Egypt lande.  
And the house of Jacob, from  
the foren peoples hande

Juda then was made  
hys sanctuary sure  
And Israel hys dominion  
for euer to endure

The sea saw that and fledde  
wythouten more delaye  
And Jordan turned backe also  
euен from hys wonted waye

The mountaines lyke as rammes  
they skyppe by and by  
The lytie hylles like as yong sheps  
they leped vp on hye

O sea what ayed the  
so fast awaye to flee  
Thou Jordan that ȳ turnest backe  
and that so sodaynly

H.6      200 has

The psalmes of David

For moued shall he never be  
his righteousnes shal sure  
We had in remembraunce  
that euer shal endure

Whē he doth heare of tidinges yl  
he wyl not be afrayde  
Hys hart beleueth assuredly  
the lord wyl be hys ayde

Hys hart is surely stablyshed  
he wyll not shrynke vntyll  
That he vpon hys enemys  
hath hys desyre and wyll

For he hath dealt abrode ful wel  
and geuen to the poore  
Hys ryghteousnes remayneth stylle  
both now and euermore

Hys horne shalbe exalted stylle  
wyth power and eke with myghte  
The whiche whā wicked mē shal se  
ther at they wyl haue spyght

And thē shal he gnashe w his teeth  
and consume them awaye  
The vngodly and theyz desyre  
for euer shal decaye.

In metre.

In exitu Israel de Egipto: Psalm, cxiii,

How god the kyngis lord  
for Israell dyd prepeare  
By myracles and wondres worke  
kyng David doth declare,

Whan Israell dyd proceede  
Worth of the Egypt lande.  
And the house of Jacob, from  
the forren peoples hande

Juda then was made  
hys sanctuary sure  
And Israell hys dominion  
for euer to endure

The sea saw that and fledde  
wythouten moze delaye  
And Jordane turned backe also  
euен from hys wonted waye

The mountaines lyke as rammes  
they skapped by and by  
The lytie hilles like as yong shepe  
they leped vp on hye

O sea what ayded the  
so fast awaye to flee  
Thou Jordane that y turnedst backe  
and that so sodaynly

H.6      20has

The Psalms of David

What ayed those mountaynes  
lyke rammes for to skypp  
You lytle hylles so lyke yong shepe  
What caused you to lyppe

What caused earthly thynges  
thus fearefully to shake  
At the presence of Jacobs god  
the earth dyd tremble and quake

Whych turned rockes full harde  
to standyng waters sure  
The flint stones into springig wels  
the whych were very pure.

Non nobis dominc:                    Psalm, cxv,  
De them that do in pools truse  
kyng David doth vs tel  
And them that set on god theyr luse  
be wyl defende them wel,

**P**ot unto vs o luyng lord  
**N**ot unto vs I saye                    (corde  
But to thy name wyth one ac-  
let vs geue prayse alway

Then wherfore shal the heathē say  
to vs at any tyme  
Wher is now theyr god become  
of whom they syngē in tyme

Metre.

As for our god we say agayne  
he is in heauen hye  
He doth on erth what pleasech hym  
howe can ye thys denye

As for theyz ydols, what be they  
they are but syluer and golde  
The woxkes of men they be I saye  
they are both dead and colde

They haue mouthes & yet speake  
and eyes haue they also (not  
Yet can they se nothyng at all  
that goeth to or fro

And thei haue eares & ca not heare  
what ye to them doth saye  
Noses haue they & smell nothyng,  
by nyght nor yet by daye

They haue hādes and handle not  
they haue no maner grace  
Fete haue they yet go they not  
nor moue not from theyz place

They that made them let the be  
lyke unto them therfore  
And lyke al such as put theyz trust  
in them for euermore

H.W.      Bus

The Psalms of David

But let the house of Israell  
trust in the lyvynge lord  
He wyl them succour and defend  
accordinge to his woorde

And let the house eke of Aaron  
trust in the lord alwaye  
He is theyr succor and defence  
to kepe them nyght and day

All ye that feare the lord I saye  
in hym put confydence  
You may be sure that he wyl be  
your succor and defence

The lord is myndfull of vs al  
and blesseth vs full well  
He blessed the house of Aaron  
and eke of Israell

Thē that feare him, thē blesseth he  
ye both the great and smal  
The lord increase you more & more  
you and your chyldren al

Ye are the blessed of the lord  
as he hym selfe doth saye  
The rohych did make both heauē &  
and created night and day   (earth  
for

In metre

for al the heauens are the lordes  
euен as it is hys wyll  
The earth he hath destributed  
the sonnes of men vntyl

The dead do not prayse the o lord  
as we maye truely tell  
No more do they I am ryght sure  
that go downe into hell

But we that be alyue o Lord  
we wyll to the geue prayse  
from this time forth and euermore  
that is to saye alwayes.

Against niggardie and tyches.

**R**o wyght in this worlde,  
that wealth can attayne  
Onlesse he beleue,  
that all is but wayne  
And loke how it commeth,  
so lette it goo  
As tydes vse theyz tymes,  
to ebbe and to floo.  
Thys mucke on the molde,

H.iii.      that

A ballade  
that men so desyre  
Doth worke them much woo,  
and moue them to yre  
Wyth gryefe it is got,  
wyth care it is kept:  
Wyth sorowe sone loste,  
that longe hath bene repte.  
And wo worth the man,  
that syrst dolue the molde  
To fynde out the myne,  
of syluer or golde.  
For when it laye hydde,  
and to vs vnknowen  
Of stryfe and debate  
the seede was not sowen.  
Then lyued men well,  
and helde them contente  
Wyth meate, drynke, and cloth,  
wythout any rente  
Theyr houses but poore,  
to shroude them selues in  
For castels, and towers,  
were then to begynne  
No towne had hys wall,

they

A ballade  
they feared no warre  
Nor enemyes hoste,  
to seke them a farre  
So ledde they theyz lyues,  
in quyet and rest  
Tyll hoorde began hate  
from east unto west.  
And golde for to growe  
a lord of great pryce:  
Which chaunged the world,  
from vertue to byce  
And turned all thyng,  
so farre from hys kynd,  
That how it shold be  
is worne out of mynde.  
For riches beare now,  
the fame and the brute  
And is onely the cause  
of all our pursuite  
Which maketh among vs  
such mischiefe to raygne:  
And shal tyl we seke,  
the right way agayne  
When mariage was made

H.iii.

for

A ballade  
for vertue and loue  
Then was no deuorce  
goddes knotte to remoue  
When iudges would suffer,  
no brybes in theyr syghte  
Theyr iudgementes were then,  
accordynge to ryght,  
When prelates had not,  
possessyons nor rent:  
They preached the trouth,  
and trulye they wente.  
When men dyd not flatter,  
for fauoure nor mede  
Then kynges herde the trouth  
and howe the worlde yede  
And men unto honour,  
through vertue dyd ryse  
But all thys is turned,  
cleane contrarie wyse  
For money maketh all,  
and ruleth as a God  
Wodych ought not to be,  
for Chryſt it forbod  
And bade that we shoulde

take

A Ballade

take nothynge in hande  
But for the lordes loue  
and wealth of the lande  
And wylleth vs full ofte,  
that we shoulde refrayne  
From wrestyng hys wyll,  
to make oure owne gayne  
For couetous folke,  
of euerye estate  
As hardye shall entre,  
wythin heauen gate.  
As thorowe a nedles eye,  
a camell to crepe:  
Why do these mad men,  
then hooarde vp and repe.  
Yea more then maye serue,  
them selues to suffyce:  
As though perfyte blysse,  
shoulde that waye aryse  
But yf they would suffer  
to synke in theyr breste  
What trouble of mynde,  
what vnquiet rest  
What myschyfe, what hate,

thys

A ballade  
thy<sup>s</sup> money doth brynge  
¶ They would not so toyle  
for so vile a thing.  
¶ For they that haue much,  
are euer in care  
¶ Which way to wynne  
and how for to spare  
Their slepes be unsounde  
for feare of the thefe  
The losse of a lytle,  
doth worke them much griefe  
In sekyng their lacke,  
the want that they haue  
And subiect to that,  
which shold be they<sup>r</sup> slauie.  
They never do know,  
whyle ryches do raygne  
¶ frende of effect,  
from him that doth fayne  
For flatterers seke,  
where fortune doth dwell  
And when that she loureth,  
they byd them fareweli:  
The poore doth them curse

as

A Ballade

as oft as they want  
In having so muche,  
to make it so skant  
Their chyldren sometyme  
do wyshe them in graue  
That they myght possesse  
the ryches they haue  
And that whych they wynne  
wyth trauaile and stryfe:  
Ofte times as we see  
doth coste them theyz lyfe.  
Lo, these be the fruites  
that ryches bryng forth  
wyth many other mo  
which be no more worth  
For money is cause,  
of murder and thefte  
Of battell, and bloudshedde  
which would god were lefte  
Of rauyne, of wronge,  
of false wytnes bearing  
Of treason conspired,  
and eke of fozenwearyng.  
And for to be shorte,

and

A ballade

and knytte vp the knotte  
fewe myschyfes at all,  
that money makes not  
But though he it be yll,  
when it is abused  
Yet neuertheles,  
it maye be well vsed.  
For I do not fynde,  
that men be denye d:  
For suffycyent thynges,  
them selues to prouyde  
Accordynge as God  
hath put them in place:  
To haue and to holde,  
a tyme and a space  
So it be well wonne,  
and after well spente:  
For it is not theyrs,  
but for that intente  
And yf they so do,  
then is it good skyl  
They haue that is mete  
to vse at theyr wyll  
As prystes shoul d not take

pximo-

A ballade.

Promotions in hande  
To lyue at theyz ease  
lyke Lordes of the lande  
But onelye to fede  
godz flocke wyth the trouth  
To preache, and to teache  
wythout any slouthe.  
Nor folke shoulde not nede  
great ryches to wynne:  
But godlye to lyue  
and to flee syne  
Hys wyl for to worke  
that iſ theyz soules health  
And then may they thynke  
they lyue in moch wealth  
for in thys vayne worlde,  
that we be nowe in  
Iſ nothyng but myserye,  
myschyfe, and synne  
Tempacyon, vntrouthe,  
contencyon and stryfe:  
Then let vs not sette  
by so vyle a lyfe  
But lyfte vp oure eyes,

and

A ballade.

and loke through our fayth  
Beholdyng hys mercyes  
that many tymes sayeth  
The iuste men shal lyue  
by their good beliefe  
And shall haue a place,  
where can be no grieve  
But gladnes and mirth  
that none can amende  
Unspeakeable ioyes  
whych never shall ende  
Wyth pleasures that passe  
all that we haue sought  
Felicities suche,  
as can not be thought.  
Whych place they shal haue  
that hys wyll entendes  
Wyth lyfe euerlastynge,  
and thus my tale endes.

Finis.

**C**The Contentes of thys  
Boke.

An Epystle dedicatorye  
Certayne Lessons

**E**I. Chapters of the Prouerbes of  
Salomon.

Thre Chapters of the Boke of thi  
Preacher, otherwyse called Eccle  
astes.

The syrte Chapter of Sapientia.

The ix. Chapter of Ecclesiasticus.

**C** Certayne Psalmes of Dauid in  
metre.

Benedicā dominū in omni xxxviii.

Deus in nomine tuo. liii

Beatus vir qui timet cxi

In exitu Israel de Egypcio cxii

Non nobis domine cxv.

**C** finis.

**C** Imprinted at London in Paules  
Church yead, at the Sygne of the  
Starre. By Thomas Raby  
nalde.